

LITERATURE

THE MENTOR

May 1922

HISTORY

NATURE

TRAVEL



Odeon Theater. Where Molière Plays Are Produced

MOLIÈRE, MASTER PLAYWRIGHT

By Brander Matthews and Augustus Thomas

Who and What Was Molière?
Story of the French Academy
Story of the Comédie Française

Gobelin Tapestries and Their Makers

The Father of Mother Goose
Joan of Arc's Village Today
The Largest and Smallest Animal

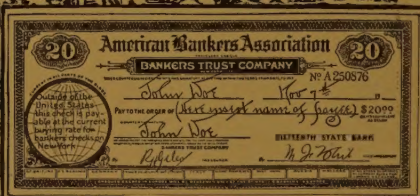
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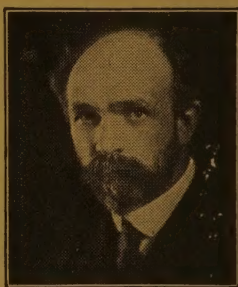
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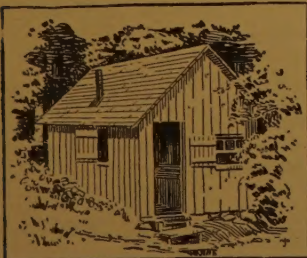
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"It is delicious to see you as a little child with your sisters, Anahide, the mathematician, Héguiné who knows in history only the adventures of the djinns, the peris, the houris—and the little Katarine, destined to die without having sinned. You enrapture us, dear Armen."

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By L. S. Moore

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The Heritage of the Near East

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Men of Western Asia

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Putting a Nation on Its Feet

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Pipes of Peace—Smokers of the Great Continent

A Fortnight on a Cargo Boat

By William L. Hall



J. A. ZEHNTBAUER, who, in five years became President and principal stockholder in the JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, manufacturers of the famous Jantzen Swimming Suit, and Treasurer of another successful company.

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From a sketch by Jean Auguste Ingres

Molière

Born Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-1673)

His gift for portraying manners and humanity with vivid truthfulness to life endowed the French stage with a gallery of immortal characters. He created comic plays that are as fresh to-day as when they were written two centuries and a half ago

THE MENTOR

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No. 4

MOLIÈRE, MASTER PLAYWRIGHT

The Foremost Figure of All French Literature

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Author of "Molière, Life and Works," "French Dramatists," "Study of the Drama," etc.

EDITORIAL NOTE: The world is observing this year the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Molière. In the United States, the arrangement of the Tercentenary Celebration program is in the hands of Brander Matthews, leading American authority on the French drama, and Augustus Thomas, distinguished playwright, both of whom contribute to this number of The Mentor.

MOLIÈRE, of seventeenth-century France, is one of the world's three great dramatists.

He is the master of comedy, as Sophocles, of old classic Greece, is the master of tragedy, while Shakespeare stands alone in his power of reaching both the breadth of comedy and the height of tragedy. It is believed that Sophocles acted in his own plays on several occasions; but he was not a professional performer. Molière* and Shakespeare were players before they were playwrights; and their technical dexterity was due in part to their long and wide stage experience.

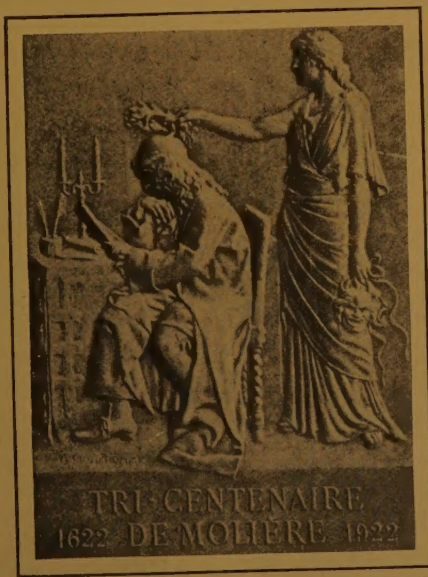
They lived in the playhouse; they

were the comrades of the performers; and they were trained to perceive (consciously or unconsciously) the

desires, the opinions, and even the prejudices of the audiences by whom their plays were to be judged.

They were alike also in the modesty of their early efforts as playwrights. Shakespeare began by patching up old plays; and, when he was emboldened to more independent work, he sought no originality of method, contenting himself with taking over the methods of Lyly and Greene, Kyd and Marlowe—methods of approved popularity in the

playhouse. Molière had no satisfactory models in his country, although



Medal struck in Paris to commemorate the 300th birthday of the great actor-dramatist

* Pronounced Mol-yare.



Keystone View

Molière's Birthplace

Molière was born in an upper room over his father's upholstery shop on the site of this building in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris. The original house was torn down a century ago. Note the tablet over the second-story window

he is said to have declared that he had found stimulus in the comedies of Corneille*; and, in default of available French patterns, he turned to the Italian comedy-of-masks descended through the adaptations of the Latins from the New Comedy of the Greeks. The Italian strollers were combined in companies of perhaps a dozen actors and actresses, every one of whom appeared always in the same character and in the same costume: Pantaleone was always an elderly man speaking the Venetian dialect, Pulcinella was always an unscrupulous valet speaking the Neapolitan dialect, the captain was always the braggart coward, Francesquina was always the intriguing wench, Isabella was always the lovely heroine, and Leandro was always the lovelorn hero. All the character types did not ap-

pear in every troupe, but when they appeared they were always the same type. The plays in which they appeared were carefully plotted but unwritten, the Italians being (to this day) alert and adroit improvisers, never at a loss for fit words to express their emotions and ever exuberant in gesture. Molière took this brisk and bustling play of intrigue, devoid of any delicacy of character delineation, and he lifted it into literature by the brilliancy of the dialogue he bestowed upon it.

The best extant specimen of the comedy-of-masks is not the work of any Italian; it is Molière's "Étourdi,"† a rollicking fantasy quite unrelated to reality but prodigiously effective in the performance.

It was with this play, in which he himself appeared as the voluble and unveracious valet, Mascarille, that Molière won his first success in Paris, when he returned to the city of his

† Pronounced Ay-toor-dee, and meaning "The Rattlebrain"



Keystone View

Tablet to the Memory of Molière

Decorated during the recent Tercentenary Celebration held in Paris

* Pronounced Kor-nay.



The Monument in Père Lachaise (Pare Lah-shayze) Cemetery, Paris

A reverent assembly of Parisian artists, actors, and *littérateurs* paying homage to Molière—a tribute feature of the Tercentenary Celebration

birth after twelve years of wandering apprenticeship in the provinces. Parisian audiences relished that kind of play; and Molière continued to provide it for them until the end of his career.

Yet in the second play in which he appeared as Mascarille, the ever-delightful "*Précieuses Ridicules*,"* Molière began to reveal himself as a social satirist; and in its immediate successors, in which he appeared as Sganarelle, the "*School for Husbands*" and the "*School for Wives*," he preserved the swift action of the comedy-of-masks, and its arbitrary intrigue, while peopling his artificial plots with characters which are no longer mere profile figures but actual human beings, studied from life and imaginatively realized. As his ambition grew and his power expanded, he rose above the level of the comedy-of-masks,

which depended on its situations, and he achieved the comedy of manners—which was sustained by veracity of character portrayal. He was still giving the king, the court, and the burghers of Paris what they expected from him, but he was also giving them much more—a vigorous and vivid picture of contemporary society. So it was that he was at last able to attain the largeness and loftiness of his great comedies, "*Tartuffe*," the "*Misanthrope*," and the "*Learned Ladies*," which abide to-day as the masterpieces of comedy.

In fact, we may go further and say that these three plays laid the foundation for the modern drama, for the problem plays of to-day, for the "social drama" as it is called. The method that Molière devised for his use in "*Tartuffe*" and the "*Learned Ladies*" is the method of the younger

* The title might be translated "Silly Highbrows." The play satirized the affectations of a very "precious" cult of women in Paris, and their cheap imitators in the provinces.

Dumas, of Ibsen, and of the host of living dramatists in Europe and in America who are seeking to set before us the life of our own time. It is the pattern of Molière that these playwrights are employing, and not the pattern of Shakespeare, because Molière is modern and his pieces are adjusted to our modern playhouse with its scenery, its lights, and its seated spectators, whereas Shakespeare is not quite modern, is indeed more or less medieval, having worked for a playhouse without a roof, without artificial light, without scenery, and with most of the audience standing. To attract us to-day, Shakespeare's plays, tragedies and comedies alike, have to be cut and transposed and variously modified, whereas Molière's plays can be, and are, performed without modification, precisely as he meant them to be performed.

Moreover, Shakespeare wrote in a time and in a country where the manners were rude, not to call them rough, where there was a lack of order of decorum, and sometimes even of decency.

Molière wrote in a time and in a country where there was urbanity, courtesy, social ease, delicacy of intercourse. To reflect the polish and the glitter of society, Molière had only to lift up the mirror.

High comedy, the comedy-of-man-

ners, as we have it in Molière's "Learned Ladies," in "The Way of the World," in Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," and, in our day, in Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," and in Langdon Mitchell's "New York Idea," Shakespeare never essayed; and in the England of his day it was unthinkable. Molière achieved it; and all those who have since attempted it have had to tread the trail he blazed.

When we consider the succession of Molière's plays, some thirty in all, the work of the last fifteen years of his life—he died when he was fifty-one, almost the same age at which Shakespeare had died,—when we analyze

them one after another, we see that Molière was, first of all, an accomplished craftsman in the art of playmaking. He was not a faultless workman; he would wind up his plots with convenient abruptness; but he always knew what he was about; he could always arouse and retain and increase the interest of his spectators in the story he was setting forth.

He might borrow (almost as freely as Shakespeare had done) from predecessors and contemporaries; but what he took he made his own. He stamped it with his image and superscription. He put his sign manual on it.

Secondly, he was a humorist, marvelously skillful in extracting from a situation or from a character all pos-



The Molière Fountain

Erected at the junction of the Rue Molière and the Rue de Richelieu, in the Palais Royal district, Paris, near the house where the dramatist died

sible effect. He is unfailingly adroit in compelling laughter. There is no more superbly amusing series of situations than we find in that most rollicking of his farces, "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac," and behind and beneath the laughter is the unforgettable figure of the bewildered and bedeviled country gentleman composed by Molière for his own acting.

In the "Shopkeeper Turned Gentleman," the character drawing is subtler and more searching, yet the laughter-provoking abundance is not less; and in the "Imaginary Invalid" (the last piece he wrote and in which he was acting when he had his fatal seizure) the humor is as rich—at least the surface, for there is sadness and disenchantment beneath all its fun. Like those other masters of humor, Cervantes and Swift and Mark Twain, Molière was fundamentally melancholy. He was gentle and kindly; he

made the best of life; he kept his sorrows to himself, or at least he amused others with the sorry spectacle of human weakness. And if he had survived to the full span of three score years and ten he might have perhaps trained his faithful audiences to accept severer studies of life, less deliberately comic and more in accord with his own underlying melancholy, a melancholy which is never misanthropic, for, although Molière laughed at mankind because he could not help seeing its manifold affectations, he did not hate his fellow men.

Finally, Molière was a satirist who was acutely conscious of the inconsistencies and absurdities of society. His satire was not scorching like Juvenal's, rather was it playful like Horace's. Apparently he accepted without cavil the social organization of France under Louis XIV; he was not a reformer or a zealot; but he could



From a painting by Geoffroy, in the possession of the Comédie Française

The Pageant of Molière

The chief characters of his plays are grouped about a terraced garden, while Molière looks on from a seat at the base of the statue on the left of the picture

not help seeing—and he makes us see—the hardness, the narrowness, the pettiness that was obvious beneath the polished surface. He did not laugh for fear that he might weep, as did Figaro; he laughed because he found the spectacle itself a cause of laughter, because laughter cleared the air, because he thought laughter wholesome and tonic. He had the humane sympathy of the true humorist, who hates shams of all kinds, but who is not savagely intolerant of those who believe in shams. He was devoid of acidity and as healthy intellectually



From an old engraving
Molière Reading a Play to His Housekeeper

He frequently did this to gauge the effect of his comedy

"He walked with kings, yet did not lose the common touch"

as Rabelais. His wit was never bitter or disintegrating, or aggressive.

As a result of these varied qualities he is the most complete embodiment of the characteristics of his race. He is the true representative of the French, in his wit, in his skill, and in his urbanity.

He is, as has here been pointed out, the master of modern comedy, greater than any of his successors in the past three centuries, and greater than any of his predecessors in Greek or Roman comedy twenty centuries ago—Menander, Plautus, and Terence.



From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

Molière Dining with Louis XIV at Versailles

Against the remonstrance of his courtiers and ecclesiastical advisers, Louis the Great showed his admiration and friendship for Molière. The scene has dramatic interest, and, as a painting by Gérôme, an art interest, but it has little foundation in history

MOLIÈRE, ACTOR AND MAN

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Author of "Alabama," "Arizona," "In Mizzouri," "The Witching Hour,"
"The Harvest Moon," "The Copperhead," etc.

THERE were no daguerreotypes or mechanical pictures in Molière's time. The authentic portraits of him were by his friend Mignard, the painter. Two of these evidently have an interval of several years between them. Houdon, the French sculptor, made the bust of Molière that is in the Théâtre Français fully one hundred years after Molière was dead. Of Houdon one biographer has said, "He showed himself a profound observer and a skilled analyst, rendering his portraits with an intensity of life which showed mastery of the intimate character of his models." In an estimate that one would make from appearance, Houdon's sculpture must be as influencing as the portraits of Mignard. In the younger and more romantic picture, Molière is in character, with upturned eyes, a nose which, when all allowance is made for the position in which the face is drawn, indicates a nostril with somewhat of an up-slant. The mouth is heavy and relaxed, although the lips are closed. In the second portrait there is the development of face that comes to all thoughtful actors busy in

their profession over a length of time; the cavity in which the eye is set is more defined, brows are more sharply drawn, the nose is perceptibly lengthened, as noses are in life, and about the mouth there is the modeling that careful public speaking produces.

Molière's eyes were uncommonly wide apart, were large, dark, heavily lidded. When opened, the lids did not disappear under overhanging folds of flesh as the eyelids of Gladstone, Kitchener, or James G. Blaine are pictured, but suggested the curve of the eyeball all the time, with the drawing going well into the cavity under the brow. They were like the eyelids of Thomas Jefferson, Lincoln, and Eleanora Duse; also, the lower orbital curve was longer than is usual, thereby lending that look

of sadness common to those faces last named. The lips, while full and thick, were easy and pliable, and, judging from the later muscular development, capable of expressive modeling.

There are many scenes in important parts that Molière wrote for himself where the character opposing him talks in paragraphs of a hundred words at a time between Molière's



Portrait Bust of Molière, by Houdon
In the foyer of the Théâtre Français, Paris,
popularly called "The House of Molière"

slight interruptions of half a line or less. The star of the company didn't put himself in that relation unless, during these long speeches, he might affect his audience by his constantly changing facial play. The variety of mood in many of these speeches to which he listened and reacted also indicates this fact. We find the face of the miser shifting through cupidity, avarice, fear, terror, hatred, malice, supplication, suspicion, threat, cajoleries, sham affection.

It is said that Molière was not successful in his early attempts at playing heroic parts. One writer has offered explanation of this by saying that the poet's legs were noticeably long for his body. Many actors eminently successful in tragedy have had the same peculiarity; it is not a disproportion difficult to disguise. And against this opinion there is the statement of a woman who saw him and wrote about him rather carefully, to the effect that he was well made and had an especially well-turned leg. One would rather take this feminine impression than the masculine deduc-

tion. It is evident that Molière after his early failure in the tragic parts turned to his advantage the factors that in the heroic rôles were considered defects. The long legs were probably made to look longer, and the short body still shorter for purposes of monkey-like agility; we find him leaping in and out of windows in the Harlequin fashion that is irresistible even as we read it.

It may be that if Molière was not successful in the tragic part it was

because of his inability vocally to reach the standard of the time. The tragedies of Corneille were then in vogue, the actor of robust voice was the favorite type. There is more than one indication that Molière was not possessed of a deep voice, but there is little doubt that it had a sufficient volume and a carrying quality. It would be safe to infer that the voice was a light baritone, flexible, true, and, when required, nasal; the sounding board of the face, the ample breadth of the nose at the bridge; the bony protuberances above the eye, which cover the resonant sinuses; the



A Portrait of Molière by Mignard



The Actor-Dramatist and His Troupe of Players

cheek bones, which are what may be called the fiddle body of the voice, suggest these inferences.

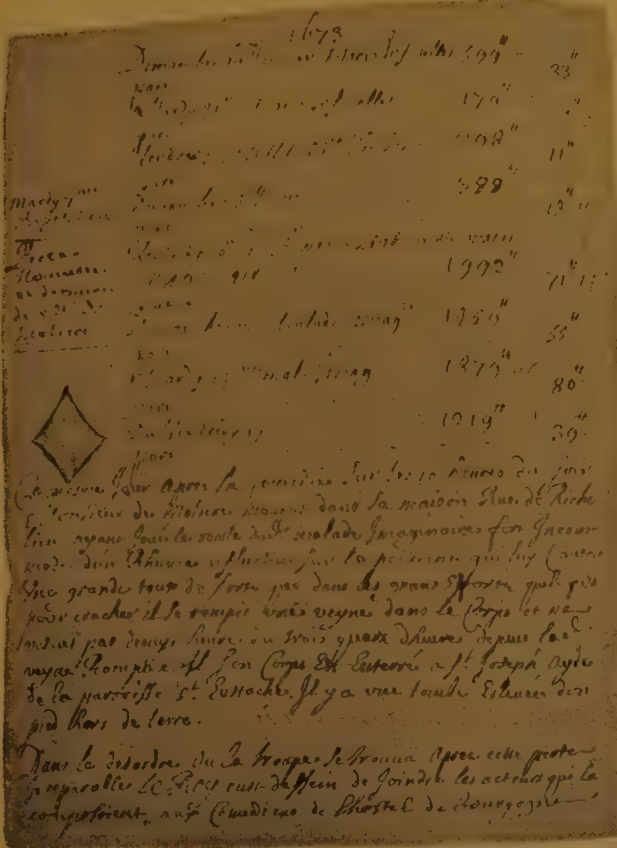
Molière liked to play many parts. On what was probably the greatest occasion of his life he wrote a little piece in which he was to do at least eight distinct and different imitations.

This piece, the one-act Impromptu of Versailles, was produced upon the command of the king. It came just at the time when Molière had been furiously attacked by the members of the classical school, the actors in the Hôtel de Bourgogne. In that little piece he presents his company all in their proper persons, gathered together ostensibly to discuss, de-

swer the criticisms upon his art as writer and actor, and at the same time give him, as stage manager, in correcting each of them, opportunities to imitate, first, certain actors that are in the rival company in recitations that identify them, and then give him the further opportunity to correct his

own players and so to characterize the speech of each as to get various imitations in these several parts. Then also in this brilliant interchange he assumes a part for himself in which he departs from his natural manner; and from all of this network of characterizations now and then drops back to the proper Molière, and in natural tones delivers a speech upon acting quite

as profound and varied as Hamlet's advice to the players. In one fine moment, capable of very impressive admonition, he confers liberty upon all his critics for all subjects save one. By implication that one forbidden subject is his personal honor. There can be no doubt that, in the delivery of that speech before Louis, then in



A Page from the Account Book Kept by La Grange
Treasurer of the Palais Royal players, showing the entry, February
17, 1673, recording the death of the beloved head of the troupe

his twenty-fifth year, that October evening in 1663, all that Molière had learned as advocate before he entered the theater, plus what he had acquired as actor, plus what he had added as man of the world and gleaned from his eight and thirty years of life, was put into unforgettable utterance; unforgettable by all who heard it then, and easily recovered by any person of imagination who will read it sympathetically now.

Molière was nearly twenty years the senior of his young wife, Armande Béjart. He had known her from her childhood. Something about her attracted him even when he was supposed to be most devoted to her older sister. That Armande was his daughter is to be immediately dismissed, although later it was so asserted formally to the king, and was in the air as growing gossip. To appreciate fully the meaning of that night when Molière introduced his company in the performance of the *Impromptu* we must sympathetically consider what was in the consciousness of its author. The material previously presented in his plays and the manner of its presentation had been satirized by a rival company; his own achievement as an actor had been ridiculed and was in question; his standing as dramatist, as actor, was at stake; his reputation and that of the young wife who was to come with him on to the stage had been attacked; his honor as man of the world and husband were in the balance. And in the coordinating mind of Molière all these things were taken up, carefully considered, proper selections made, and adequate answers given. We must remember that, although the edict of Richelieu forbidding duels was still in force, men wore swords; that there was an occasional meeting. And remembering this, remembering the jury to which he spoke, members of the court, the Grand Monarch himself, all listening in that *Salle des Comédies* at Versailles, remember also the center of this swirl,

the target of these attacks, Molière himself at the very height of his career, at the greatest public crisis of his life. And, in that mood, we must read his answer entrusted to no less capable a spokesman than himself. We must read the respectful phrases in which he clothed it; we must see a man risking all on a single declaration. And, as we read the lines, we must remember not only the author but also the speaker. We must read not only the lines, we must dramatize probable pauses, those eloquent pauses of the master player; those significant looks. We must remember that while it was forbidden to draw, perhaps

to rattle the rapier in the scabbard, that it was possible unmistakably to indicate it by casual glance, by a half-sketched gesture not open to indictment. And we must see him as a prototype of D'Artagnan:

"I gladly leave them my works, my figure, my attitudes, my words, the tone of my voice, and my style of recitation, to make and say whatever they will of them, if they can snatch some profit from them. I have nothing to say against all this, and shall be delighted if this can please people; but whilst I give them all this—they must do me the favor to leave me the remainder, and not to touch on things—of the nature of those—upon which, I hear, they attack me in their comedies. This I shall politely re-

quest of the honorable gentleman who undertakes to write for them—and this is all the answer they shall have from me."

There is no other adequate interpretation to these phrases. They were a declaration, a warning, and a threat. Think of that theater; of those distinguished listeners rapidly apprehending the purpose of the player; see the quick looks toward the attentive monarch; the quick return of attention to the stage; the master's eloquent pause; the air of the room vibrates, pulses, purrs a moment—then Molière's covert challenge.

There we have the actor—and the man.



In the Museum of the Comédie Française

The Chair of Tragedy

Into this chair Molière sank as he uttered his last words on the stage, while playing in his own comedy, "*Le Malade Imaginaire*" (*The Imaginary Invalid*). He died a few hours later at a house in the Rue de Richelieu. For many years the same chair was used in the last act of the play, whenever it was given at the national theater

PARIS BY DAY AND NIGHT

THIS IS THE PARIS—NOT OF THE CASUAL QUICK-PASSING TOURIST—BUT OF THE DWELLER THERE, WHO KNOWS ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE AND HAS SEEN IT WITH AN ARTIST'S EYE—WHO HAS CAUGHT WITH A CAMERA THE PANORAMA OF LIFE DISCLOSED IN A FULL ROUND OF THE CLOCK, FROM EARLY MORNING, THROUGH THE DAY, AND EVENING, UNTIL THE NIGHT LIGHTS ON THE BOULEVARDS AND BRIDGES HAVE BECOME LONELY SENTINELS



PARIS AWAKENING

Few people are to be seen at five o'clock in the morning in these narrow streets—only the night-workers going to their lodgings, the early-hour day-workers, or the homeless wanderers



THE PALACE OF THE TROCADERO

Through a veil of mist looms grandly on its height above the Seine. Built in Oriental style, with minarets and curving galleries, the crescent-shaped edifice is a temple of art and music



THE EIFFEL TOWER — LOFTIEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD

For thirty years it has been a distinctive feature of Paris. It has been the goal post for aviators, and as a notable radio station it played a part in the great world war drama. The view from the top (984 feet) embraces a circle a hundred miles in diameter



Keystone View

A FAMILIAR VIEW OF THE TROCADERO

Framed by the lower span of the vast colossus of steel—the Eiffel Tower



Underwood & Underwood

ON THE "ISLAND OF THE CITY"

These gray walls, bordered on sunny mornings by plants and gardeners' carts, once held captive Marie Antoinette and other unhappy women condemned by terrorists of the French Revolution



A STREET OUT OF "LES MISERABLES"

Through slanting byways like this Jean Valjean found his way to freedom. The neighborhood—the romantic Latin Quarter—is a network of winding alleys, which meet and broaden out below the Pantheon, tomb of the nation's illustrious dead, and the famous medieval college of the Sorbonne

PARIS BY DAY AND NIGHT



Keystone View

BENEATH THIS DOME LIES NAPOLEON

The Hotel des Invalides, built by Louis XIV to accommodate 7000 war veterans, now houses exhibits of armor and musketry. Napoleon's tomb occupies the center of the chapel crypt.



Keystone View

THE TOWERS AND FLYING BUTTRESSES OF NOTRE DAME

Above the Seine. This picture plainly shows how the romantic *Ile de la Cité* links the right and left banks of the river. This great cathedral was many years in building, beginning in 1163.



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THE GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME

Long ago they were designed and mounted on the balustrades where they have kept watch through the years. What wars and wonders have transpired beneath their grinning gaze!



Keystone View

PIVOT OF PARIS LIFE

On the four sides of the obelisk are tablets glorifying **Rameses II**, who raised the towering shaft at the gateway of his Egyptian temple in the fourteenth century before Christ



Photograph by Van Der Weyde

THE OBELISK OF LUXOR AT NIGHT

Place de la Concorde. About the ancient monolith, brought here from Egypt, spins the night-and-day life of ultra-modern Paris



Van Der Weyde

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

Under night lights the crossroads plaza takes on a new aspect. For size and history it has no rival in Europe



Van Der Weyde

THE MOST POPULAR BRIDGE IN PARIS

It leads from the left bank of the river to the Place de la Concorde, and is much used day and night



Van Der Weyde

WHEN SHADOWS FALL

Goblins and Gargoyles prowl among the eaves of Notre Dame and brood over the lighted city



VanDer Weyde

ANOTHER OF THE THIRTY-ONE BRIDGES

That cross the Seine. The length of the river within the city limits is seven miles. At night it glows like a winding serpent, and casts luminous reflections that make light-magic on the surface of the river



Van Der Weyde

A FAMILIAR PHASE OF NIGHT LIFE

Patrons of sidewalk cafés pass the time chatting, reading newspapers, playing games, writing letters, and watching passersby



Van Der Weyde

A POPULAR WAY OF SPENDING AN EVENING

Even in winter, when a stove is necessary to temper the air, outdoor tables of *brasserie* and restaurant are in demand. The picture shows one of the street stoves that give warmth to the patrons of Paris sidewalk cafés. The open air sociableness of the people—like that of a vast outdoor family—is one of the most interesting features of Paris street life



Van Der Weyde

MOST IMPOSING OF TRIUMPHAL ARCHES

Visible from almost every part of Paris, the Arc de Triomphe commemorates victories of Napoleon. It crowns the leafy drive called the Champs Elysées



WHEN DAWN COMES ON THE SEINE

Barges and fisherboats awake, and make ready for a long day of trafficking, in and out among islands and along river walls



EVENING — AFTER A RAIN STORM

In many quarters of Paris are streets like this, that have scarcely changed since the days of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV



A PICTURE RARE IN PARIS

Where snow seldom falls. A fairy scene showing the Trocadero palace and park wrapt in a snowy mantle

WHO AND WHAT WAS MOLIÈRE?

MOLIÈRE" is the name by which he is known to fame, but his real name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin.

His father was an upholsterer and one of the official caretakers of King Louis XIII. Jean was born over the upholstery shop in Paris in

January, 1622. The family business was good, and the boy that was to be immortal was reared in comfort, and well educated. He lost his mother when he was only eleven years old, and that may be the reason why his plays rarely depict mother love. Jean studied law, but quit at twenty-one, and joined a company of players, headed by the competent and clever actress Madeleine Béjart. Then he bade farewell to law and trade, and took the name "Molière."

For twelve years Molière played with a strolling company through the provinces of France, learning the art of acting, and much worldly wisdom—also getting steadily into debt, from which his father rescued him.

Then he came back to Paris with his trained company, and made a quick hit, not only with the people but also with the brilliant court of Louis XIV. Under patronage of the Grand Monarch, Molière, in the following fifteen years, produced his greatest plays.

He was now in high favor—both as playwright and actor. As a playwright he was hailed as Master of Comedy; as an actor he was pronounced Master of Technique. He was all actor from head to foot. Everything in him spoke—voice, face, eye, hand, body, and legs. And as a stage trainer he was marvelous. He could make a stick act. Moreover, he knew how to win his audiences by happy little curtain speeches.

At forty, he married Armande Béjart, the twenty-year-old sister of his former stage

companion Madeleine Béjart. She had charm and could act—but had a fatal faculty of drawing enmity and hostile criticism. A quarter century after her own remarriage, and many years after Molière's death, she was still an object of evil gossip. Perhaps her

possession of the immortal Molière was regarded as too much. She was the "ordinary wife of an extraordinary man, the commonplace companion of a transcendent genius"—and that was more than the world could forgive.

What curious contrasts

we find in genius! Shakespeare, Master of Tragedy, was genial and took life easily and lightly. Molière, Master of Comedy, was melancholy and given to brooding.

For years in ill health, his later life was one of suffering. The fatal stroke came on him while he was acting, and he died a few hours later, at the age of fifty-one. Because he was an actor, he could have no religious honors. He was buried quietly at night in a coffin covered with the pall of the upholsterer's guild, and attended simply by four priests and six choir boys carrying candles. And there is doubt to-day whether he was buried in consecrated ground, and whether the remains that were transported years later to the Pantheon were really Molière's. And yet there is a Molière "tomb" in the cemetery of *Père Lachaise*, Paris, and the guidebooks tell us that the remains of the Master Playwright were moved to that place in 1817.

The great dramatist had three children, who survived him. The last of his direct line became extinct when his only daughter Madeleine—named after his wife's sister—died one hundred and one years after the date of her famous father's birth.

W. D. M.



Armande Béjart, Molière, and Their Daughter Madeleine

THE STORY OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

A BOOK that is not yet done, nor, presumably, ever will be done, has for nearly three centuries engaged the literary minds of France. When the members of the French Academy progress from B to C in the work of revising their dictionary it becomes a matter of world interest. If one of the "immortal" forty dies, and another is elected to his chair, wires carry the news around the globe.

In the reign of Louis XIII, a group of young men took up the work of purifying and beautifying the French language. The nine members of the group had neither birth nor position. They were united by a single interest: love of their native tongue. It was not long before Cardinal Richelieu observed what they were doing, and offered to sponsor their undertaking. They would have preferred going on obscurely, as they had begun, wearing their shabby clothes, and pursuing their literary discussions under informal conditions. But the wishes of the imperious cardinal could not be ignored. In 1636 the society incorporated as a public body, under charter from the king, increased its membership, and chose a name, the "French Academy."

The object of the organization remained the same: to reform the language, give rules, and determine the proper use of words. The members bound themselves to compile a dictionary, a grammar, and a rhetoric. So far, only the dictionary has been written.

The first edition was published in 1694. So many years had been consumed that by the time it was finished the first part needed revision. And so it has gone. There are whole shelves full of books and cartoons lampooning the tortoise-like progress of the dictionary makers, who sometimes take up entire meetings discussing the use of an apostrophe or the variation of an accent.

In the Academy, members are elected for life. If the occupant of Chair Number

Twenty dies, his successor takes that particular seat. Once, a long time ago, an author of repute refused election. Since then a candidate has had to seek admission, and not only seek it from the body at large, but individually, from each member. Thirty-nine times

he must sally forth to urge his cause, paying visits from door to door. Equally arduous is the task of the thirty-nine members who must hear the pleas of applicants.

Members of the Academy receive fifteen hundred francs a year. The secretary of the Academy holds office in perpetuity, has an income of six thousand francs, and lodgings beneath the dome of the old Mazarin Palace, now the Institute of France, where the Academy holds its meetings.



Academicians—Then and Now

The successive uniforms that have been worn by the members of the French Academy since it was founded nearly three hundred years ago. The uniform on the right is the one worn to-day

In 1805, learned societies that had previously assembled in the Louvre Palace moved to the Institute, just across the river. Since then, the imposing old building has been the seat of five different academies, devoted to literary, artistic, scientific, and philosophical advancement. Many of their conferences are open to the public.

Next to the making of the historic dictionary, the most important work of the Academicians is the judging, or "crowning," of literary effort, and the distribution of annual prizes, twenty-three in all. One of the chief prizes, given for eloquence, was founded by Balzac.

Balzac was a member of the Academy, and Racine, Corneille, Lamartine, Voltaire, Dumas, Taine, and other great ones; but not the great Molière, nor some others one would expect to find in the records.

The salons of certain brilliant women have been called "antechambers of the Academy." There reputations are made and the cause of ambitious ones promoted. "The most illustrious institution in the annals of literature" has often given prizes to women, but never yet a chair in its august circle.

THE STORY OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

THE association of actors known as the French Comedy players is unrivaled in the history of theatrical organizations. Election to membership is the highest honor that can be paid an artist of the stage.

Everyone, from principals to minor members of the troupe, respects traditions that have accumulated through two and a half centuries. Indeed, each player, no matter how humble, is a direct heir to the actors who in their day supported the great Molière.

The Comedians' theater has always been called the "House of Molière." On its stage the plays of the great dramatist are given with the greatest attention to detail and artistry. Molière was an active member of one of the companies that merged, in 1680, under royal edict, to form the *Théâtre Français*. It was while he was playing as a member of the Palais Royal troupe that he died, dramatically, at the end of one of his own plays.

Seven years after Molière's passing, Louis the Great organized the first French state theater. Molière's widow was in the original company. They occupied splendid quarters in the Tuileries.

During the French Revolution the company disbanded, but a new constitution was drawn up, which was afterward amended by Napoleon while, it is said, he was watching Moscow burn.

The constitution in force to-day provides for the division of profits yearly, according to the standing of the twenty-three or -four members, or "associates." Only one-half of the profits are paid in cash, the remainder being invested until the associates retire. An "acting fee" is also paid for each performance.

A subsidiary group of forty "pensionnaires" works on salary, but lives, as someone has put it, "chiefly on hope." From this

group new associates are chosen. In addition there are always nine young women and nine young men students preparing for the *Comédie Française* at the Paris Conservatory.

The administrator of this "commonwealth of autocrats" is usually a man of letters, who

receives thirty thousand francs a year. Women members of the company vote on an equal basis with men, and are frequently in the majority.

Even non-speaking parts are played by trained actors. The same piece is rarely given two successive evenings, except in the case of a new production, which may have a "run" of three or

four performances. Comparatively few modern authors are presented. The company's chief aim is to perfect the playing of the French classic writers—Corneille, Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, the elder and younger Dumas, de Musset, Scribe, Augier.

On playbills, the names of the actors appear in the order of their election as associates, not in reference to the importance of their parts, or their position as actors.

On the roll of those that have heightened the fame of the organization are the "divine Rachel," Sarah Bernhardt (called "the divine" by a later generation), the Coquelins, father and son, Mounet-Sully, Madame Segond-Weber, Le Bargy, and many others whose names are almost equally celebrated in the country of their birth.

The nation owns the theater building, the huge *Théâtre Français*, which since 1799 has been used for the performances of the *Comédie Française*. It is situated in the southwest wing of the Palais Royal, at the foot of the Avenue de l'Opera, a short distance from the Tuileries Gardens and the Louvre. The Government gives it rent-free, and provides an annual subsidy of \$50,000. Each year more than 150,000 free seats are distributed to students.



Rehearsal at the Comédie Française
Seated are Jules Claretie, late director, and Maurice Donnay, Academician and author of the play, "The Household of Molière"

JOAN OF ARC'S VILLAGE TO-DAY

A POPULAR song about Joan of Arc was often on the lips of khaki-clad boys as they marched the roads of France.

During the war, throngs of them tramped a dusty highway to the tall-towered basilica which is soon to be dedicated to her, near Domremy. The largest training camp for American soldiers was at Gondrecourt, eight miles from the village. Many war tourists made the trip of 125 miles from Paris, through the valley of the Marne.

Since 1919, when Jeanne d'Arc became the national saint, her countrymen have renewed their interest in the hill-top basilica, which has been in process of building for twenty years. It stands a mile and a quarter west of Domremy. Nearby, in the oak wood, the *Bois Chesnu*, Jeanne used to wander, dreaming of the Voices. At the edge of the wood stood the beech tree mentioned in annals of her earliest years. Under the branches of the lovely "May tree" she danced and sang and played, but often wandered away from her companions to "talk with God."

In the vale below are wide pastures and grain fields and, on upland slopes, vineyards and heavy growths of forest.

The architecture of the memorial church is of no particular school or period, but the building is graceful in a stilted, Romanesque way, and the provincials are proud of it. The stone, from native quarries, is striped with lateral bands of blue granite from the Vosges Mountain district, not far away. The front entrance is guarded by life-size statues of Jacques d'Arc and his wife Isabel. In the porch the kneeling figure of the child, christened Jehanne or Jehannette,

is surrounded by the effigies of her favorite saints, St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. The interior is beautified by six

modern murals showing principal events in the life of the Maid. The ceiling is of carved wood, gilded and painted like primitive basilicas of early Christian days. Stained-glass windows bear the names of noble donors.

Down in the hamlet of Domremy, at the foot of the hill, a single old crooked street leads past the parish church to the bank of the River Meuse. The fire and spirituality of the sainted shepherd girl still hold the village in their spell. The inn is called the Hotel of

the Heroine. The villagers, many of whom help support themselves on the traditions of Jeanne d'Arc, willingly add francs to their purses by showing visitors the few memorials left from her day.

One goes first to the House of Jeanne d'Arc, a museum of relics and art works. We have the statement of Anatole France, most trustworthy of the Maid's modern biographers, that the dwelling that sheltered the father,



The Parish Church of St. Remy
Associated with the Maid from the day of her birth



Half a Hundred Houses Comprise the Village of Domremy
During the first few years of her life, Joan of Arc walked down this road many times a day

mother, and five children of the d'Arc family was torn down several centuries ago. Its successor has also vanished. The museum, once the home of family connections, is quite satisfyingly old, however; it has odd sloping gables, and its casements, oddly let in, look out on the national monument of Jeanne in the arms of Mother France. Before this monument many illustrious ones have paid homage.

Next, your peasant guide will lead you to the church of St. Remy, restored now and dressed with new windows and statuary. The special places identified with Saint Jeanne are marked by tablets—here, at the old stone font in the chapel of St. John, she was baptized, having been brought in her father's arms across the graveyard from her home—here she lisp'd her first *Aves* and *Pater Nosters*, here made her first confession.

Domremy has a population now of about three hundred. The census has scarcely varied in five centuries. There were days in 1917 and 1918 when there were more pilgrims than natives in the street. The little church of St. Remy became an international shrine. At the altar, the Stars and Stripes hung be-

side the Tricolor. From the tiny *Bureau des Postes* thousands of cards and souvenirs were dispatched to America.

Now that armies have returned across seas, and shuffling feet sound no more in the valleys of Lorraine, Domremy has settled back into its centuries-old routine—

tending flocks, plowing fields, baking bread, rearing babies. Life has not changed much in its ancient houses since the winter day, five hundred years ago, when the cry of a new-born child arose beneath the roof of Farmer d'Arc.

The villagers were poor then, they are poor now. Domremy has never been anything but a drudging, poverty-stricken village, where old men and old women labor in the fields with young ones, and even the houses look careworn.

For a period covering two and a half centuries, between the year of Jeanne d'Arc's martyrdom and the beginning of the French Revolution, the tax books of the kingdom showed this notation opposite the name of the village: "*Nothing—for the sake of the Maid.*" That summed the only wish Jeanne of Domremy could think to express when she was asked at the coronation of her king what she most desired. She had broken the grip of the English on France, stirred the nation's flagging patriotism, set a king on an empty throne, but she asked no reward except benefits for her people.

The *Domremois* like to tell this story, doubtless they will tell it to many who, before long, will be turning their feet Domremy-ward to be present at the dedication of the memorial on the height. They like to feel, too, that now, when the village child is become the Star of France, she remembers with special blessing the soil-stained peasants of her cradle-town.



The Memorial Church
Soon to be dedicated, will be the holiest shrine
in France



Relics of Joan of Arc
Are treasured in this old stone and plaster house, once
occupied by family descendants

THE LARGEST AND SMALLEST ANIMAL

IN THE past ten years people have become fairly acquainted with the largest of the creatures with which the earth was populated. The dinosaurs, as they are known, were giant reptiles that flourished just after the coal ages. Expeditions from museums and universities, in this country and abroad, have unearthed a remarkable series of skeletons and fragments of skeletons of these dinosaurs. Newspapers from time to time report some new find in this interesting field, and artists have shown in paint how the dinosaur looked in the flesh. Recently there was a report in the newspapers of a strange beast in Patagonia which resembled the dinosaur and was thought by some to be a descendant of it.

Remnants of the largest dinosaur were found several years ago by an expedition of scientists from Berlin at Tendaguru in Africa. This monster was named the *Brachiosaurus*. When the bones were assembled it was shown to have stood forty feet in height, and to have trailed a body approximately one hundred feet long.

The *Brachiosaurus* lived in the so-called Jurassic Period of geological time. That it was a vegetable feeder is indicated by its teeth, and the absence of claws on the forefeet. It was apparently a denizen of swamps, and when attacked could wade far out into the water for protection. Therefore, it had no need of defensive armament.

At the opposite end of the scale stands the creature shown in the smaller illustration in this article, a creature whose greatest body is never longer than ten microns. This is a microscopic measurement of less than one three-thousandths of an inch. Dr. L. A. Hausman of Cornell University has seen specimens measuring less than two microns in length. The minute size of the creature may be grasped by a glance at the illustration, which shows it in comparison with a single human hair. The average human hair is fifty microns in diameter, and across it eight or ten of the earth's minutest creatures could be placed end to end.

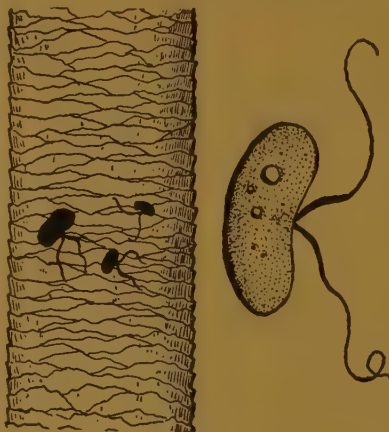
Minute as the animal is, however, it bears a name that yields nothing in length and impressiveness to that of the mightiest dinosaur.

It is known as *Pleuromonas jaculans*, which means the one-sided, jumping creature. *Pleuromonas* is found in ditches and pools where there is decaying animal or vegetable matter, and can be seen, of course, only under the highest powered compound microscope. It belongs to the group of animals known as the Protozoa, most of which cannot be seen with the naked eye.

It is interesting, and significant too, that, whereas the dinosaurs have had their day and passed, the

Protozoa, like the little *Pleuromonas*, have existed on the earth from almost the very dawn of animal life. The great dinosaurs, like the *Brachiosaurus*, demanded specialized conditions for their survival. They could live only in swamps, amid certain species of vegetation, and in an atmosphere of a definite temperature and moistness. When these conditions changed, they perished. Not so the little *Pleuromonas*, which can maintain itself in any ditch or pool, and when conditions become unfavorable can roll up into a ball, develop a firm, resistant coat about itself, and wait patiently for a return of a suitable medium in which to unfold, or to be blown about by the wind until it falls into one. The study of *Pleuromonas*' family, the Protozoa, has acquired great practical importance from the fact that many of its members live as parasites of other animals, and as such may be the cause of dangerous diseases among the higher forms of animals and man. Malaria, sleeping sickness, and other maladies have been traced to relatives of *Pleuromonas*.

It is probable that while the *Brachiosaurus* was disporting itself in the prehistoric swamps, ancestors of the *Pleuromonas* flourished and multiplied. Biologists point to this as a striking illustration of the great law of animal and plant life: the small and simple are better able to survive, in general, than the large and complex.



The Smallest Animal



How Man Would Have Looked Beside a Dinosaur

The dinosaur in the picture is a Diplodocus, the second largest animal of its kind. The first Diplodocus skeleton was found near Cañon City, Colorado, in 1877. Diplodocus means "double beam" and refers to the peculiar structure of the beast's backbone. Other skeletons have been found in Western States. The skeleton shows that the Diplodocus was 84 feet long and 12 feet 9 inches tall. The head contained a brain no bigger than a walnut. The National Museum, Washington, the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, have skeletons of these prehistoric monsters. The Brachiosaurus, the largest of the dinosaurs, exceeded the Diplodocus in height and in bulk, yet the Diplodocus exceeded in length. There were many kinds of dinosaurs; some had enormous duck-like beaks, others bony spikes and armor-plates, and another kind a rhinoceros-like body decorated with horns. The nearest living creatures to the dinosaurs are the crocodiles and ostriches.

GOBELIN TAPESTRIES AND THEIR MAKERS



© U. & U.

Modern Weavers Working on the Famous Gobelin Tapestries

RECENTLY the rumor has been revived that the Austrian Government is to pledge a world-famous collection of tapestries, chiefly Gobelins, as security for a loan of \$15,000,000. These tapestries represent the art of weaving from the early fifteenth to the end of the seventeenth century.

The looms of Flanders and England, France and Spain, are for the most part deserted now. But in Paris the privileged are still admitted to a medieval building marked by a tablet commemorating the establishment on this site by Louis XIV of the "furnishings factor of the Crown." Here gorgeous carpets and hangings were made for the palaces of the Sun King. The Hôtel des Gobelins was appropriated by Louis XIV for the use of artists employed by the great LeBrun, but there had been a Flemish tapestry factory in the same building many years before; and in the fifteenth century Jean and Philibert Gobelin, merchant dyers of scarlet, had their works here. They chose this particular spot because at the back of the pile of buildings ran a small stream the waters of which were especially good for mixing with scarlet dye.

The name of the Gobelin brothers has ever since been identified with the product of this ancient structure. Gobelin tapestries are the most famous in the history of weaving. Formerly, three hundred artisans and apprentices were employed in weaving textiles after designs of the painters Nattier, LeBrun, Vanloo, Boucher. To-day there are only sixty. For over two hundred and fifty years the factory has turned out tapestries solely for the State, and in times of peace these never leave France, except as gifts to visiting kings and presidents.

Pieces that sold for a hundred dollars a century or so ago now bring thousands. An expert weaver can produce five square feet in a year. Added to his salary there is the cost of the original painting, the cost of wools, gold and silver thread, et cetera. The minimum value of a square foot of Gobelin tapestry is therefore two hundred and fifty follars. Many modern Gobelins adorn public buildings of France. The weavers of to-day copy traditional designs, and the quality of their work compares well with the handiwork of their predecessors in the Golden Age of the great Louis.

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Warren G. Harding
Henry Ford

Harvey S. Firestone
Thomas A. Edison

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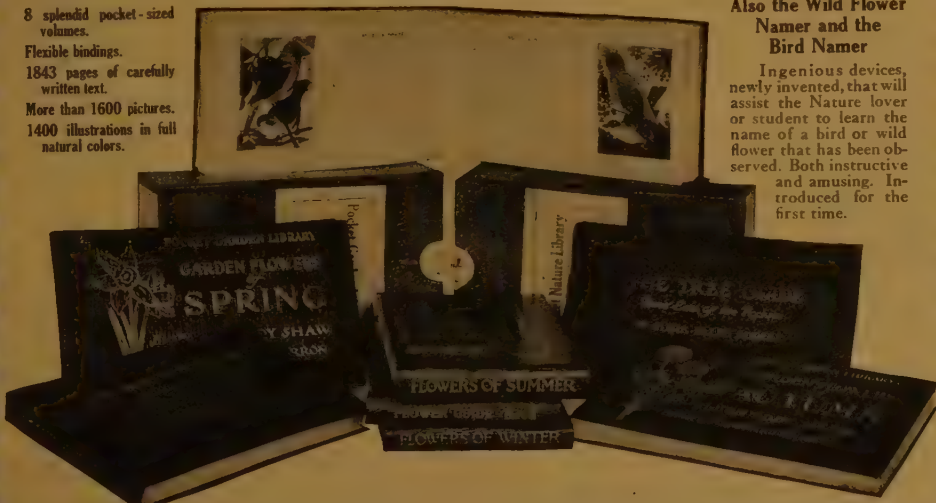
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THE FATHER OF MOTHER GOOSE



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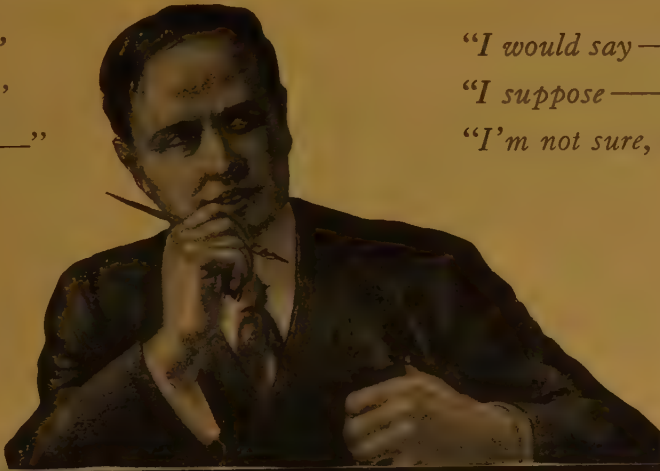
Statue of Charles Perrault in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris

Perrault, who lived from 1628 to 1703, wrote ponderous poetic works, and was a member of the French Academy. But he is remembered because of his "Tales of My Mother the Goose," which in their original form belong to French folklore. Other tales were compiled by English authors. There is an unfounded tradition in America that all the Mother Goose stories were written by a Massachusetts widow, Elizabeth Vergoose

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"I guess ——"

"I imagine ——"



"I would say ——"

"I suppose ——"

"I'm not sure, but ——"

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"I wish you were here now, across the table from me, just for an hour, so that I could tell you how there's no wall, any more; I understand you now, Dad; and God! how I love you, and wish I could go back and be your boy again."

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By Walter Camp

Famous Yale Coach's "Daily Dozen" Exercises
Now on Phonograph Records

ONE night during the war I was sitting in the smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeping-car when a man came in and said, "Mr. Camp?"

I told him I was, and he continued, "Well, there is a man in the car here who is in very bad shape, and we wondered if you could not do something for him."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"This fellow is running up and down the aisle in his pajamas," the man said, "trying to get them to stop the train to let him get some dope, because he hasn't slept for four nights."

I went back in the car and found a man about 38 years old, white as a sheet, with a pulse of 110, and twitching all over. I learned that he had been managing a munitions plant and had broken down under the work, because he had transgressed all the laws of nature and given up all exercise, and had been working day and night.

"For God's sake," he said to me, "can't you put me to sleep? If somebody can only put me to sleep!" He was standing all bent over.

"Don't stand that way; stand this way!" I said, and I straightened him up and started putting him through a few exercises to stretch his body muscles. Pretty soon the color gradually began to come back into his face, and the twitching stopped. Then I said to him, "I am going to put you through the whole set of 'Daily Dozen' exercises once. Then I am going to send you back to your berth."

So I did that and didn't hear any more from him; but the next morning he came to me in the dining-car and said:

"You don't leave this train until you've taught me those exercises. I slept last night for the first time in five nights."

I taught him the "Daily Dozen," and two months later I got a letter from him, saying:

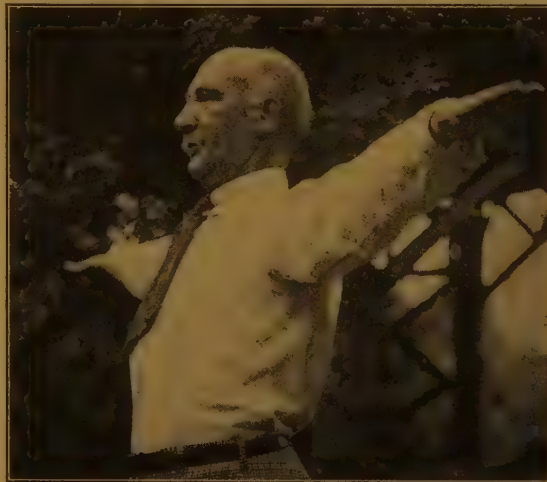
"My dear good Samaritan, I am back on the job all right again, and I am teaching everybody those exercises."

The "Daily Dozen" was originally devised as a setting-up drill for picked young men—the boys who were in training during the war. But its greatest value is for those men and women who are hemmed in between four walls most of the time and are beginning to realize that their bodies aren't as fit as their minds.

I applied it to middle-aged men, and men past middle age, too, during the war, including members of the Cabinet in Washington, who simply had to do much more work than they were used to doing without breaking down. In the "Daily Dozen" I soon found I had something that would actually increase their reserve power. They grew progressively more fit as we went along.

People think that they can take an orgy of exercise and make up for a long period of neglect when they do not take any exercise at all. You cannot do that. Do not go to a gymnasium. That tires you to death. That is old-fashioned. We do not have to do that any more. A man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with six or seven minutes a day. There is no reason why a man at 50 or 60 or 70 should not be supple; and if he is supple, then he grows old very slowly—but the place where he must look after himself is in his body muscles.—Walter Camp.

Mr. Camp is famous as a great Yale football



WALTER CAMP

Originator of the Famous "Daily Dozen" System

coach and athletic authority, but few people know that he is also a successful business man. Although sixty years old, he is stronger and more supple than most younger men, and he uses his own "Daily Dozen" exercises regularly in order to remain so.

Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" has been making busy men and women fit and keeping them so—and the exercises are now proving more efficient than ever—due to a great improvement in the system. This is it:

With Mr. Camp's special permission, all the twelve exercises have been set to music—on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

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With these records and charts a man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with only a few minutes' exercise a day—and it is so much fun that some of the "Daily Dozen" fans go through the whole twelve exercises to the spirited music *twice* every morning—just as a matter of sheer enjoyment.

Mr. Camp says that the place where we must look after ourselves is in *the body or the trunk muscles*.

This is so because we are all in reality "caged animals." When a man stops hunting and fishing for his food and earns it sitting at a desk he becomes a captive animal—just as much as a lion or a tiger in the Zoo—and his trunk muscles deteriorate because they cease to be used. Then comes constipation and other troubles which *savage* men never have.

The remedy is to imitate the "exercises" of caged animals. *They* know how to keep themselves fit—and they do it, too.

How? Simply by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles! When Mr. Camp discovered that men and women can imitate the caged animal with enormous profit to their health, he devised the "Daily Dozen"—to provide this indispensable exercise—the only exercise people really need to keep in proper condition.

Many people have written to the Health Builders telling them of the benefits they have received. Here is part of one letter:

"We wish to express our satisfaction and delight with our set of records and exercises. Our entire family of eight, including the maid, are taking them. The children are fascinated with them and bring the neighbors' children to do them.—MRS. CHARLES C. HICKISCH, 828 Vine St., La Crosse, Wis."

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THE MENTOR

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The Open Letter

BY THE time this number of The Mentor appears, all the answers to the Prize Questionnaire will be in hand, and some of the prize winners will have been selected. Our mail has been heavy during the competition. Most of the answers have been so full of information, and so carefully and accurately presented, that it is not easy to pick the winners. The task is a pleasant one, however, for there is a note of enthusiasm in the responses that shows us that our readers have gone into the game with zeal and zest. One competitor writes: "Whether I am fortunate enough to win a prize or not, I am having a perfectly delightful time renewing my acquaintance with some of the characters mentioned, which I had read of long ago. I want to thank you for this pleasant little excursion into the land of books." That assurance is gratifying. An "excursion into the land of books" was just what we aimed to give our readers when we planned this set of questions.

★ ★ ★

The answers show a high average of knowledge. Some have missed through misunderstanding a question; others have erred by some unfortunate slip in statement, or in some minor detail. For example, several made the mistake of attributing the authorship of "A Man Without a Country" to Nathan Hale, the martyr-patriot of the American Revolution, instead of Edward Everett Hale. Some found an easy answer to question 6 by simply stating that "Alice in Wonderland" was written by Lewis Carroll. The title page of the book tells us that, but "Lewis Carroll" was the *pen* name of the author of the "Wonderland" and "Looking Glass" stories. What we asked for was his *real* name and profession. Many of the competitors were correct in identifying "The Black Knight," but almost none of them

mentioned the novels of Walter Scott in which he appeared, and only a few gave an adequate statement of the "part he played in history." One competitor took "Buck" to be our late, worthy, American composer, Mr. Dudley Buck—overlooking the fact that Dudley Buck was not a character in literature.

A few erred in stating that the Lilliputians are a people existing to-day and known as "The Smallest Race in the World." The majority of the competitors were correct in naming the original Robinson Crusoe, but only two or three mentioned the fact that Alexander Selkirk was put ashore on the Island of Juan Fernandez *at his own request*, and *not* left there, marooned and deserted. A detail of this sort is just sufficient to turn the balance, and determine success or failure in a close competition.

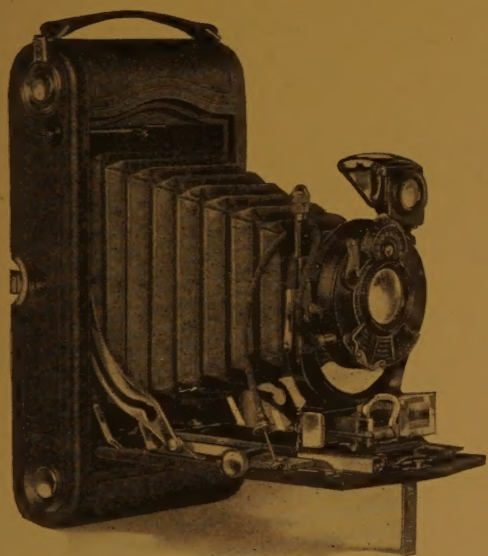
★ ★ ★

The great majority of the answers rank so well in accuracy and fullness of information, and in style of expression, that a very nice judgment will be required to make a selection. In cases where there seems to be no just way of drawing lines of distinction, we shall solve the problem by giving a prize to two or more of equal merit. By so doing, we shall give recognition to all deserving competitors. Besides the prize winners, there also will be many worthy of "honorable mention."

The names of the successful competitors will be printed in an early number of The Mentor, together with the prize-winning answers. Where there are several winners of the same prize, a composite answer will be printed.

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR.

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